CRUEL AS THE GRAVE.

captured the ever-roving fancy of Barton Key, and added him to her list of lovers, although he was subtle enough to know his affection was doomed to receive no return, and that his bosom

friend was the successful suitor. Imperative army orders sent the friend far away, and be en-

treated Key, with his farewell breath, to look

after his sweetheart, and to see that she wanted nothing during his involuntary absence.

ties. By adroitness and address, he made each

ve all that had been told her. From the time of this disclosure the beautiful woman grew whiter and more lilly-like, until one day she fold-

ed her slender hands and closed her tired eyes,

After the death of his wife, Key seemed to em

ark on a career of utter recklessness, pursuing

WHISPERINGS NOT LOUD BUT DEEP

morning call, which was sometimes prolonged until after lunch. At one of these lunches, when

General Sickles was absent, the wine which Mrs. Sickles drauk was drugged, so it is said, and of

what followed the poor woman was never cog-nizant; but it is certain that Key held that event as a rod of terror above her stricken soul,

and with it seourged her into the commission of deeds darker than that of the Egyptian plague. She became a mere resistless tool in the hands of this accomplished villain, and day after day this fiend would sit in the park, opera-glass in hand, and watch the windows of that fateful

mansion, until the unhappy mistress would make her appearance, and signal with her handker-chief that she knew he was waiting for her; and very soon a veiled lady would be seen wend-

ing her way toward the little gray house in the

VENGEANCE IS MINE.

At last the husband was aroused, and he saw is one from whose eyes the scales had fallen. He

confronted his wife, and she confessed to him the whole tale, from its unhappy beginning to criminal end, and bade him watch for the appear-

ance of Key and his signals. The curaged hus-band waited only long enough to witness the approach of his enemy, when, seizing his bat and

volver, he rushed into the bright sunshine of a

pleasant afternoon, through the park, filled with pleasure strollers, and fired shot after shot at Key, who, terrified, ran toward the club-house,

but fell, bleeding from numerous wounds, at the foot of an oak tree near the sidewalk. The miserable man was picked up and carried into the club-house, where he shortly afterwards died,

and went to make such peace as was possible with his God. The tree against which the mur-dered man fell was literally hacked to pieces by

the crowds of relic hunters who flocked to the

sited the various points of interest connected

with the cause eclebre.

Sickles was confined in the old prison, near the City Hall, where his little danghter, then about five years old, a sensitive little creature, with long golden ringlets and large thoughtful eyes, was daily brought, until the agony of visities, he father in his imprisonment was

iting her father in his imprisonment, was so great that it was decided best to never bring her

The mother was carried home by her friends, and to evince her humility and sense of degradation, had her bed made on the floor, refusing to sleep on anything more pretentious than the sim-

plest pallet.
Sickles was really infatuated with his wife,

This was the story too me by an old washing tonian, as we strolled along, taking in the beauty of the clear, blue sky; budding trees, casting their lacey shadows over the grass, as green as green could be; and, as it interested me, although by no means an unfamiliar tale, I take the liberty of writing it to you.

But let me add that Sickles' sorrows were not the to prevent his making a second

But let me and that seekies sorrows were not deep enough to prevent his making a second matrimonial attempt, and two winters ago he appeared at different seenes of gayefy accompa-nied by an exquisitely beautiful Spanish bride, whose loveliness awoke murmurs of admiration wherever she moved.—Washington Correspondence.

orthern part of the city.

commenced to agitate the air.

comen with only a desire for their ultir

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

VOLUME XVIII.—NUMBER 52.

WHOLE NUMBER, 936.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1875.

Choice Loeten.

From Blackwood's Magazia TO CHARLES SUMNER. IN MEMORIAM. BY W. W. STORY.

For years, dear friend, but carely had we met; Fate in a different path our feet had set; Space stretched between us, yet you still were near, And friendship had no shadows of regret.

The occur drear divided us, but nought Obscured the interchange of word and thought: The unbroken line of sympathy still throbbed. And into both its constant message brought.

And so I felt you were not far away— The mere material distance seemed to lay Brief barrier to our meeting, and I desamed That some day we should meet, aye, any day

That we again should clasp each other's hand, Speak, as of old, and face to face should stand; Henew the past, and plan and plot and again. As, in years past, we plotted and we planned. That hope is vanished now-a audden change Hath borne you from me, far beyond the r. Of that familiar life that there we knew. Into a region dim, and far, and strange.

A vaster sea divides us now—a stretch Acruss whose space we valuly strive to reach; Whose deeps man passes never to return. From whose far shores there cames no human speech.

In one swift moment you have passed and gone Out on the blind way all must tread alone. Uncompanied, unfriended, none knows where; Gone out into the vague and vast unknown. Gone where no mortal sense can track your flight

Gone where no mortal souse can trace you man. Gone where Faith cast a weak and wavering light, Where trembling Hope and Foar bewildered stray, Lost in the pathless, silent shades of night.

Vanished forever from this world away, From all the accidents of Night and Day, The season's chance and change, the voice of i And all Life's passion, joy, hope, pain, and play. Gone in an instant, like a breath of wind, Leaving the dead, damb instrument behind. Through which the apirit, with such wonder Thrilled its fine harmonies of sense and mind.

Gone!—what has gone, and whiter has it fied! What means this dreadful utterance—he is dead! What is this strange, mysterious tie called Life, That bindeth soul to sense by such slight thread?

Lave's grasp is strong, and yet it could not hold The somewhat that it loved; and thought is hold, Yet strove in vain to follow where it fied. And sank to earth, the secret all untold.

Where and what are you now! what do you know See, feel! Is all that was so dark below. See, feel? Is all that was so dark below, Cleared up at last? Does memory still: And do you long for us that loved you so! In this new life does human feeling last! Or has oblivion blotted out the Past; All the glad joys of this warm life of sens And all the lights and shadows o'er it cast!

Or are you nothing now 1—gone like a tone That dies to silence—or a light that shope That dies to silence—or a light that supper P One gleaning moment, swift to disappear, By death's cold breath to utter darkness blown!

To all these questions comes a silence d'eur-Stretched o'er Life's utmost verge, with longing ear The still soul listens, but no answer comes, Save the low heart-heats of its hope or fear. So we return to earth—we laugh and weep,

Love, hope, despair. Time, in its silent swee Bears as along—till, tired out at last, Gladly we lay as down in death's deep sleep. No matter what it brings-at least it wears

Look at this face, where death has laid it hand? How calm it looks!—how serrowless, how grand! Life's fever ever, all the passions fled. All the lines smoothed, they burn as with a brand. Not Jey's glad smile in happlest hours it bore

Not Love's enchanted look that once it wore, Could lend a grace so noble, so refined, As now it wears when Joy and Love are o'er. And yet—that peace will never soothe our pain; He whom a loved is lost. Come back again,

That pictured memory graced with treasures fair.
That stored experience rich with learning rare.
These garnered thoughts and those affections fine—
Are they all squandered, lest, dispersed in air? Sock as you will-blind creature-never eye

Of mortal man shall pierce this mystery.

This, this alone we know, that nought we know.

And yet we feel—life surely cannot die.

n forms beyond our ken to re-appear; Pass up the finite scale of seed, stalk, flower o odor—then exhale beyond this sphore. But death-blank nothing! at the very thought, Reason receils-Faith shudders-Hope, distraught.

Reels back aghast: no wild imagining Can shape a shapeless, empty void of nought. To somewhat, vague and dim howe'er it be, The soul must cling—mere black mainty
Defies our utmost stretch of wildest thought:
And here, at least, Hope, Reason, Faith agree.

Then, why with nightmare dreams our spirits scare If we will dream—how sweeter and more Hope's promise of a loftier life beyond, With larger loving and an ampler air;

Of vaster regions lifted from the sphere Of doubt and struggle that harase Where the freed spirit, moving Breathes a diviner, purer atmosph So will I dream, since nothing we can know,

Not mourning for us as we mourn for you But seeing clear above this cloudy maze: That, purged by Time, your spirit larger grows. In that now heling—asking not repose. But with new alms and mare expanded powers, On, etc., forever with glad purpose gors.

And if 'tis all a dream—so let it be: Who shall decide when all is mystery? And yet I rather choose this heavenly dream, Thus death's dark heror of manity.

At least your noble thoughts can never die— They live to stir and lift humanity— They live to sweeten life and cheer us on; If they are with us, surely you are sigh.

Yes, in our memory, long as sense remains. That stalwart frame shall live, that voice, whose strains To lofty purpose pitched, struck like a fire Into our blood, and thrilled through all our veins:

That full, sonorus voice, whose high-strung key Was tuned to Justice an to Liberty— That sounded like a charge to rouse the world From the deep slumber of its apathy. Nor these alone, we shall remember, too, kind, familiar tones of love we knew, the genial converse and the storied lore, e cultured charm that every listener drev

The gladsome smile, the gleam of quick surprise, That thrilled the face and lighted through the eyes The uplifting brow, the atterance frank and clear And all that sollen death to sight denies.

Alas! how tille are the words we say! Hew poor the tribute on your grave we la Nor praise nor blame shall cheer or tro The partiel spirit or the insensate clay.

Yain friendship's voice, and vain the loud lament A nation breathed, as e'er your bler it bent; Vain unto you, that as you passed away. A shadow darkened down a continent.

Rest, then, brave soldier, from the well-fought fight? Rest, genial scholar, from the dear delight Of aris and books? Rest, steadfast, statuless friend? Forever ours—though lost to sense and sight.

Stem Duty's champion, at thy bier we how!
Brave, homest, faithful to the end—thy you.
To God and Freedom kept—unbribed, unbought,
Rest thee—or rise to lifting labors now.

Select Storn.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The following curious narrative, told as being tricity true, says the Portland Eclectic, is from the Water Cure Journal:

I was at school, a close student, a young, am-I was at school, a close student, a young, am-birious youth of sixteen, somewhat homespan, but strong in uprightness, and conscious of pow-er. My father was sick, and gradually undergo-ing that grand metempsychosis which the shal-low thinker calls death. It was a stormy day in January the January, the snow had fallen two feet deep, and I started for home, eight miles. My father had

written me that he wanted to see me; he wanted to look into my face-he wanted to give in-junction after injunction not to forget my duties to him in the care of his wife, my mother. He need not have said it! I could not-I never can forget him or her. Death! A man such as my father never dies. He lives in his counsels, full of wisdom as they were of heart; in his example ripe from wide observation and varied experi-ments, constituting ample experience; in his principles, which were absolute, as great moral truths are; in his very instaless, which were very few, and were not small. His desire to see me, growing out of feeling that he might at any hour "pass onward," and to give me counsel, was natural, but not necessary. But his slightest wish was law to me, and I started for home, I have said or fort. We want to be trudge. as I have said, on foot. Weary walk, this trudg-ing in an unbroken snow-path. Refore I reach-ed our door, I thought my body would tire out completely—but it did not. T ac-omplished it. I ate my supper, chatted with my parents, and went to bed in my old bed room. My fath-er and mother I left sitting in the kitchen, grat-

ified by my arrival, and proud of me.

I fell asleep—awoke, arose, and dressed my self, came into the kitchen, and took a seat be tween my father and mother. They looked sur-prised, and inquired why I had left my bed?

"Has nobody been here since I went to bed?"

"No."
"Well," replied I, "there will somebody come, and that is why I left my bed; at least, I have dreamed there would, and the dream is no illusion to me, but fierce reality."

My father smiled as if incredulous, yet as though he asked no braver or better defendant than his boy. At that instant, my mother, a cautious woman, heard a rap at the door,

and stepping to it, as I supposed, to inquire who was there and what was wanted, instead, opened the door, and in came a terrible gust of wind and snow-for the night was hideous-and with them marched in a woman.

She walked half way from the door to the fire,

when she discovered me, and I evidently took her aback by my presence. I saw this at a glance. I saw the creature of my dream. I knew I was destined to a struggle, and I grew in strength as I looked at my dear father and moth-er. She took a chair, turned its back to the fire, nd seated herself with her face in the shadow. I kept my seat, and appeared to give no atten

"Who are you?" inquired my father. "What's that to you!" said she.
"Everything, if you are to stay in my house; othing, if you are not." "What if I will not tell you?"
"Then you must leave this house!"

"Leave the house!" exclaimed she; "I should like to see anybody here try to put me out."
"What if I call my men, and throw you out, neck and heels! "You have not got any men; they have all gone home."
"How do you know?"

"I inquired at the last house on the road, before I came here. It is Saturday night, and I knew that you lived alone."

I glanced at my father; he was pale, but his courage ebbed not a whit. He was helpless—not able to get out of his chair—and he surmised strange occurrences, for he had received no less than eighteen hundred dollars that very week, from his large wheat sales, and he saw what was before him. This hag was either a decoy or a man in disguise, whose object was rob-bery. I could see all this was rapidly passing through my father's mind, but it did not how him the minth part of an inch. So I sat still, as if I suspected nothing but a war of words; the hag had on an old quilted hood and an old bombazine cloak, which came to her feet, and was

beited about the body.
"You are a woman f" said my father.
"Of course I am; what do you ask that ques-

"Have you a husband?" "Where does he live?"

Well, then, if you have a husband, why do yon not live at home, instead of gadding about such a night as this aloue—a night fit only for fiends to be abread?"

"Why, don't you see the North River on fire?"

said she, leaving from her chair and springing towards my father, at the backside of my chair, and hissing through her teeth, "I'll teach you why I am here! why I am here!"

My mother screamed and ran; my father made
an ineffectual attempt to get out of the way, but

instantly yielded, resolved to take what awaited him; and I was out of my seat as quick as the hig, and as she passed me on her way to grapple my father, I struck her with my fist a blow un-der the ear, which, but for her cotton hood, would have knocked her down; as it was, it staggered her, gave me time to get the chairs out of the way, and gather myself for a fight. She recovered, and looking at me for a moment, said, as if in soliloquy: "Oh! you choose to cross my path, do you?

d-n me if I do not settle you pretty made as if she would draw a darger.

The motion maddened me; it brought foam to ny lips; I struck her half a dozen blows quick as lightning; she let her dagger go, and cleuch ed me; her grip satisfied me that I had found my match, ay more, in strength, and that my skill as a boxer, and my almost unequalled agii ity as a wrestler, must save me. I had learned pugilism of a clever English teacher, and a wrestling to that day I had never been thrown I knew, when I felt the grip, that I was dealing with a MAN. I felt that my father and mother were relying on me, and I grew strong, as I be-

We tussled, grasped and let loose, struck and parried, elenched and wrestled, till after various attempts we found ourselves to what wrestlers call a "side hold." I got the "under arm," and attempts we found ourselves to what wrestlers call a "side held." I got the "under arm," and lifted him—for it is no longer her—over my hip, threw my leg around his, and turned him. He fell on the floor like a log. I intended to break his bones, but he unhooked his cloak—it had become unbelted in the struggle—and leaped like a cat. His cloak and woman-hood fell off together. I struck him before he was balanced, staggered him, grappled my hand into his threat, and struck him again—called on my mother to one the door, and as she did. I mushmother to open the door, and as she did, I pushed him out. I told him to put himself out of the State, or I would put the Sheriff ou his track; and shutting the door in his face, walked to my

"My son," said be, "kneel down;" and I did, and my mother was by my side; and my brother, a boy younger than myself, who was awa-kened and crept out into the kitchen, was also there; and father prayed God for His blessing, and thanked him for our safety, and blessed me for my coolness and bravery—and we all went

Now, let your doubters ask me how I came to see this beforehand. This very hooded and cloaked man I had seen, had heard his threats to my father, had struggled with him and con-quered him in my dream before he came into the house, and had awakened and left my bed to go and see after my father's safety, and to conquer him again in the kitchen. All the main features of the occurrence were made known to me before they took place, and the impression they made on me enabled me, I doubt not, to save my parents' lives. This incident differs from the others in this, that what I was conscious of in one state, was common to the other. It was an act of perversion. I could make a book of such incidents in my own life. Let these suffice to satisfy the reader, as far as my testimony goes, of the truth of the position that persons, whilst in the body, are not always sub-ject to material causes or motives as prompters

BEECHER said in his last Friday night's talk, that "Even the Bible could be swept out of ex-istence, and it would make no difference to reli-Beecher at the time was evidently inter-a tidal wave of some sort, to the extent that he felt the force of the commandment against adultery, and against coveting his neigh-bor's wife, his exen, his asses, his maid servauts,

etc., etc. In Turin, Italy, there is a woman who was born in 1770. She is the widow of a porter in the Royal Palace, and so well known that deception

Miscellany.

IN THE GARRET.

Oh, rare, sweet dreams, within the garret olden. Whose rude walls glow with finey's radiant fire! Oh, fair young head, whose every thought is golden, Blooming with pure desire!

There, where we pored above the volume's treasures, And lived within a world of dear romantes: There, where we caught a tiegazand priceless pleasures Charming each backward glance—

Again the sunlight streams on floor and rafter Again we runmage in each cobwebbed nook Falls on our ears the sound of silvery laughter Sweeter than bird or brook.

Sounds from the distant world jar not our dreamin. The doves con softly 'neath the sheltering caves, And fairy-land is all around us beaming. The land that childhood leaves.

What joys were born, in memory never dying, As, poring o'er the poet's page of gold, We heeded not the moments swiftly flying, Careless of heat or cold? The walls of Art's gorgeous and stately palace Hold no such pictures as our fancy framed On these rough walls. Oh, could we slip the chalice Of youth, so dearly famed—

O, could we bear, amid the toll and striving, The bright, fair impulses that held us then. Which come, now, dimly echeed, and reviving Life's dear time again? Still may we keep our childhood's precious vision Unto life's tranquil and remotest even; For, in its day-dreams and its joys elysian, This garret seemed near Heaven.

THE BIBLE OF THE AGES.

BY SOLON S. DAVIS. Two thousand years hence the inhabitants of

the world may have a new Bible. It is quite likely they will. And in it the Beecher business will be written about as follows:

And it came to pass, in the reign of Ulysses, the Grant, that there dwelt in the Kingdom of Brooklyn, Beech-er, a man mighty with the Lord, and

a great Prophet.

And on the Sabbath days yast multitudes of people, from Brook-lyn, and the country round about, entered into the temple to listen unto Beech-er expound the Scriptures, for he had dil-ligently studied them, and was blessed of the

Lord therefor. And Beech-er read before all the congregation And Beech-er read before all the congregation the words of the law; all the blessings and curs-ings therein read he unto the people, so that there was not anything commanded by the Lord which Beech-er read not to the children of Brook-

And it came to pass that Til-ton, son of Rebecca, had a wife who was fair; yea, she was a comely maiden, and found favor in the eyes of Beech-er. And Beech-er went in unto Elizabeth, Recch-er. And Recch-er went in into Elizabeth, and did make her presents of fruits and flowers, and merchandise. Yea, verily, and Beech-er did kiss Elizabeth, and they did weep together, and Elizabeth did kiss Beech-er, and they did weep

And it came to pass that Til-ton, hearing of this, waxed wroth, and did go unto Bow-en and Monit-on, and made great complaint thereby. And they did call upon Beech-er, and did covenant a tripartite covenant between Beech er, Til-ton, and Bow-en, and seven thousand pieces

Til-ton, and Bow-en, and seven thousand pieces of silver was the price thereof.

Now there was a woman, the Wood-hull, who was a sorceress, and had the spirit of divination, who did scatter unto the four corners of the earth the saying that Beech-gr,had found favor in the eyes of Elizabeth, and had gone in unto her, and that she conceived and bare him a son whose same was Ra'there. name was Ralpheus. Then Til-ton swore in his wrath that Beech-er

was guilty of adultery, and did spread the same abroad, in the papers, until it was in the mouth

And Til-ton called together the wise men of the land, the cunning lawyers, to plead his case before the people.

And Beech-er also called lawyers to defend him against the wrath of Til-ton, and there was great commotion in the land because of these things.

And Neil-son, the great, the mighty, the just Judge, did sit in judgment at the great court. And the Lord said, because these people have forsaken my law and have not obeyed my mandates, and have defiled my sanctuary with whore dom, and have walked after the imagination of

their own hearts and lusts, New therefore I will punish them, for I am wroth, my indignation is kindled, and the fires of my wrath shall burn brightly; yea, I will afflict them sorely. I am the Lord.

And unto the kingdoms of Col-or-ad-o, Kau-zas,
Mis-soo-re, Io-wa, and all the region to the north,

the Lord sent great drouth, and swarms of le And the drouth did scorch the earth for two

cars, and the locusts did eat up every green thing, and there was want, and woe, and desola-Then Har-din, who reigned over the kingdom of Mis-soo-re, spake nuto the people saying: Ge ye down upon your knees and wrestle with the Lord in prayer, every male, every female, and every child within the confines of my kingdom, for behold we are scourged with a scourge, we are devoured by the devourers, we are eaten up

by the eaters, the locusts are upon us, and do cover the earth in multitudes.

Therefore let all the people pray: for the sins of Beech-er, and Til-ton, and Brook-lyn doth rise up as a great stench, a mighty stench unto the nostrils of the Lord.

And the people did bow themselves before the

Lord, and the Lord did give wings unto the lo-custs, and they departed from the kingdom of

And for the doings of the lawyers, and the witnesses, and of Beech-er, and Til-ton, and Moulton, are they not recorded in seren hundred large Yea, verily. He that wanteth knowledge there

on, let him read the Scriptures, and read u standingly of the books of the gospel, of the prophet Beech-er. Selah!

Our New Poet Laurente.

rge W. Childs, A. M., the great American verse-maker, paid a visit to the White House last week. Under his arm he carried a large pertfolio bound in crape, containing numerous samples of oblinary lyries. He exhibited this collection to the President with considerable oride, and the latter, upon reading four or five numbered of them, confessed that he had not been moved so deeply since the battle of Pittsburg Landing. Finally he said to him: "Childs, I've thought for a long time that America ought to or a long time that America ought to have a Poet Laureate, and if you'll get the Phil adelphia Union League to sign your papers, I'll give you the place." Childs eyes danced for joy, and after presenting his excellency with a pain-phlet on "Improved Tombstones," he left abrupt ly, and was last seen moving toward the railroad epot, with every inch of cauvas set, and all his dags flying .- Brooklyn Argus.

A GOOD JOKE ON COL. EATON .- Now that Hor A GOOD JOKE ON COL. EATON.—Now that Hon. Isaac E. Eaton is prominently before the people, as a prospective candidate for the Vice-Presidency, etc., we take the opportunity of giving the following pretty good story which is told on him by an eye-witness of the affair: In auld lang syne the Hon. Isaac was practicing law in a little town in Eastern Ohio called St. Clairsville, and, getting into a quarrel with the editor of a cratic paper there over something that the had published, approached one Sunday morning at the post-office and went to disputing with him, and fically opened the small blade of a pocket knife in his hand, and struck at the news paper man once or twice. He was seized by par-ties standing by just as he gave expression to his feelings by fiercely exclaiming: "D-n you, if it wasn't Sunday morning I'd take the big blade to von "-Oskaloosa Independent.

_IT is stated orders have been given that the statue of the first Emperor shall be replaced on the Vendome column. The repairs of the col-umn are nearly completed. There only remains some work to be done to the marble step that leads to the pedastal, and it will therefore pr sent the same aspect that it did before the Cor

A FIRST-CLASS matchinatician estimates will require 274,819,000,000 quarts of peasints to celebrate the Centennial. He is now figuring on celebrate the Centennial. He is now figuring on 1,001,999, which is awkward. A FIRST-CLASS matchmatician estimates that it

ON A RAMPAGE. Parson Brownlow After Gen. D. H. Hill with a Sharp Stick.

From the Knoxville While and Chronicle.1 KNOXVILLE, TENN., May 24.

Gen. D. H. Hill-Sir: —I have before me a copy of the Southers Home, a weekly journal of which you are the editor-m-chief, and of which Randolph A. Shotwell, of Ku-Klux notoriety, is assistant editor. For hard lying, base slander, assistant editor. For hard lying, base slander, and wicked abuse, your dirty, vulgar sheet is without a parallel. It may in truth be said, your paper is devoted to the perversion of the truth of history, and of vilifying the living and the dead. You put forth in your weekly issue of the 17th inst., a leading editorial which is openly and notoriously in the interest of the devil and Democracy. The unignoial editorial which is is from the pen of a man who is hell-born and hell-bound; and to give force and effect to this diabolical article, you thrust your vile person into a Presbyterian revival, made a hypocritical profession of religion, and joined the church, where you blaspheme the name of God, and His holy religion. I herewith submit your editorial entire, and shall continue my remarks thereon:

"RETRIBUTION.

"RETRIBUTION. "The most careless observer must have noticed how many of the enemies of the South have per-ished violently, or have, in some way, met with grievous calamity. Thus, Jim Lane, the bloody Jayhawker, blew out his own brains; the atro-Jayhawker, blew out his own brains; the atrocious Stanton cut that throat which so often
breathed out threatening and slaughter; Lincolu
perished by the hands of a brutal assassin on
the anniversary of that day on which he issued
the order which delnged the land in fratricidal
blood; Preston King, one of the murderers of
Mrs. Surratt, drowned himself; poor old Prof.
Mahan took sides against his own people, was
thrown off like an old shoe by those he had
accord assainst his own convictions of duty, and served against his own convictions of duty, and in an agony of despair and remorse, threw him-self into the Hudson River. Seward boasted that he had but to tinkle his bell, and the highest in the land would be sent to a Federal bastile. He fell into disgrace with his own party, tile. He fell into disgrace with his own party, and died without honor and without regret. There is a story that Mr. Sumner died by his own hands to avoid the disgusting revelations that his own wife intended to make, in order to procure a divorce. Honest old Horace saw the rain and misery he had brought, tried to stay the hand of the oppressor, and failing to do so, became a raving maniac. Colfax and thirty or forty more of the most vindictive Radical leaders were caught stealing, and retired to private ers were caught stealing, and retired to private life, though not within the walls of the peniten-tiary. Where are the Satraps that ruled the South? Canby was slain by an Indian. Pope has been slain by his own tongue. Meade, the best of them all, lost the confidence of the ad-ministration, and was snubbed as bad as was Sawarrow by the haughty ruler of Russia. Sick-

les is a stench in the nostrils of all good people. Where are the Holdens, the Bullocks, the Scotts, etc., who misgoverned the South under the protection of Grant's bayonets? Some are fugitives from justice, some are detected thieves, and all are branded with infamy. Where are the Logans, the Hesters, the Carrows, and the whole beastly gang of perjurers and persecutors? Their names have become synonyms for all that is low, vulgar and despicable. The great lead-ers of the Republican party, where are they? A large number of them took to plundering, and though they have seemed the chain rang they though they have escaped the chain-gang, they are regarded as convicts by the American peo-ple, and are nowerless for sture mischief. The preachers who cursed the south in the name of the Lord, and hounded on the troops to slaugh-ter, how many of them are now honored and re-spected? The papers for the last ten years have been full of the exposures of these blaspheming preachers for gross crimes against society. Mr. Beecher is the typical representative of that

It is such publications and charges from the peus and tongues of the disappointed and whip-ped curs and spaniels of the late war that keep alive the embers of discord, and prevent the honest people from harmonizing and forgetting

the past.
You, Mr. Hill, have had much to do in keeping
up the strife between the North and South since
the war. You must permit me to say, that
while I was Governor of Tennessee I pardoned
out of the penitentiary better men than you
ever dared to be. You was educated at West Point, at the expense of the government, and took an eath to support the Constitution and the laws of the United States. This eath you violated, you perjured, old, gray-haired villain.

And, to-day, you stand six feet in your boots steeped to the nose and chin in falsehood and rjury. Look at your slander of the dead War nister, Stanton; look at your vile calumny of the dead Sumner. I was in Washington both of these men died, and I know their friends surrounded their dying beds, and no insinuation was ever made or whispered, to the effect that either of them committed suicide, or attempted anything of the kind. Every word you utter in regard to the lamented Seward is utterly false. Your exultations over the lamented Canby are worthy of you, Mr. Hill. You have never seen the day when you was worthy to unloose the latches of General Canby's shoes. And so it is with the other distinguished men you have slan-dered. I have given your article entire, and have called the attention of my readers to it. And the public will judge of your article and its merits. Before the American people indorse the infernal regions as a forge-hammer would

the infernal regions as a forge-nammer would fall in twelvemonths.

If I were disposed to perpetuate so brutal an act as that of exhibiting the dead rebels, and the dead preachers, and their several acts and deeds, I could, perhaps, show that the defaulting Republicans are not without company. But

I would scorn to open these old wounds and make them bleed afresh. The meanest act you have been guilty of is inviting the friends of those dead men to attend your Mecklenburg celebration on the 20th inst., and then issuing your vile paper containing this article on the 17th inst. W. G. BROWNLOW,
Editor of the Whig and Chronicle.

Strong Points.

A Baltimore lawyer makes the following very strong "points" in the Beecher-Tilton case, in a letter to the Tribune. The "points" are all, it must be remembered, based on the sworn statements of Tilton and Moulten:

"A wife commits adultry and voluntarily tells it to ber husband, without his action or remembered. it to her husband, without his asking or suspect-

ing her.
She tells her husband that she committed adultery, and she tells him this in order to induce him to love her more, and to keep him from committing adultery.

The husband forgives his wife for committing adultery, and continues to live with her and love her, as though nothing had happened. The husband forgives the man who commit-ted adultery with his wife, and lives four years on good terms with him.

The husband, who had been injured by his

third party to act as a mutual friend to keep hem on good terms.

The husband, whose wife has committed the adultery, gets another man to help them keep the He next engages for the same purpose the pro prictor of a newspaper.

He takes all these measures for secrecy, when he alone is the only person to make the crime

wife's adultery, fearing that there will be a rup-ture between himself and the adulterer, gets a

The man who can forgive his wife's adultery cannot forgive her for denying it.

The man who can forgive the seducer of his wife for the seduction cannot forgive him for the lesser offense of putting him (her husbard) in a false position by denying it. Hence, he who did nothing to avenge the adultery institutes the greatest lawsuit on record to avenge the denial of it."

Won't somebody go to Vienna and make up the

THE EMIGRANTS FAREWELL TO HIS NA-

how sad in a

For ruined and low lies our once happy dwelling— All roofless and crumbling the woodbine-clad wa

Then Famine came staiking, with gaunt, hony finger; And our landlood was rethinal and pidless, sure; And sweet Kathleen, our blue-eyed—But why should

An incident in his early life is the keynote to every after occurrence. He had an intimate friend in the army, now living, (and who will rect mize the sad truthfulness of this tale), who was engaged to a most beautiful girl, the pride and idol of her fance, and the general admiration of all who knew her. To her personal loveliness she added a thousand nameless charms, which can turn the exercise fance of Barton Key. 176 YEARS AGO.

On Sunday the one hundred and seventy-sixth anniversary of the crection of the old Swedish Church at Wilmington, Del., was celebrated by special services, in accordance with the customs of that people. A correspondent of the Philadel-phia Eccning Bulletin gives the following history

of the ancient edifice : The name of the church is "Trinity," and the district in which it stands was known in the old district in which it stands was known in the old time as "Christina Parish," the name, like that of the creek which flows past Wilmington, being taken from that of Christina, Queen of Sweden, for whom the early settlers professed most loyal reverence. In 1667 a wooden church edifice stood on the south side of the creek, near its mouth, and the last service was held in this old building in the year 1699, on the "fourth day after Pente-cost." On the 28th day of May, 1698, the founda-tion of the building which is now standing were laid. The ground was given by a certain Church Warden named John Stalcop, who aftewards sold to the parish one and a half acres of land

around the church for a burial place. around the church for a burial place.
On Trinity Sunday, 1699, the present church building was consecrated. The total cost of the structure was 800 pounds, of which the pastor, Mr. Hiork, contributed 135 pounds. The consecration of the church was celebrated with all due soleanity. The Governor was invited, but could not attend. There was a grand dinner given at the house of Warden John Stalcop, to which the congregation had contributed during the previous week "all sorts of meat and drink, such as wheat, malt, bread, flour, hops, wine, butter, suwheat, malt, bread, flour, hops, wine, butter, sugar, raisins, eggs, veal, mutton, venison, chickens, turkeys, turnips," etc. The members of the congregation took the meal together. The day was celebrated with religious services upon each returning auniversary for many years. Rev. Israel Acrelins, who visited the Swedish settlenents in this country in 1748, gives some very uteresting information respecting the church. He says: "Matins were held on Christmas, Eas-

Trinity Church at Christina in Penn

the church as it stood at the time of his visit it the last century: "The church is of granite, and is sixty feet long, thirty feet broad, and twenty feet high. The wall is six feet thick at the foundation, and three feet at the windows, as well as above them. In the church there are five large arched windows and three arched doors. front, on the outside, iron letters are fastene

St. Deo. Nobis, Quis, Contra. Nos. Sub. Imp. Reg. D. G. Ang. WILL III. Propr. Will. Penn. Vice. Gub. Will. CAROL. XI. Hue. Ableg. E. T. B.

Pastor of this place."

On the east gable is this:

LUX. L. I. TENEBB. ORIENS EX. ALTO. ["The light arising from on high shines in the

["Christ is our Pole Star."] On the south side is this: "IMMANUEL." The services in the church on Sunday next, May 23, will be of a simple but most interesting

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—Please stop my"—"Drinks!" "Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that yet. There is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year which I wish to save. Please stop my"—Tobacco and cigars!" "No, no; not these, but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my"—"Ribbons, ornaments, laces and trinkets!" "No, not at all; pride must be fostered if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see a way to effect a saving in another direction. Please stop my"—"Tea, in another direction. Please stop my"—"Tecoffee, are needless, and unhealthy luxuries!
"No, no, no! I cannot think of such a sacrific "No, no, no! I cannot think of such a sacrifice. Ah! ah! I have it now. My paper costs seventeen cents a month—two dollars a year. I must save that. Please stop my paper! that will carry me through the stringency easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially on my brains.—Liberty Blade.

THERE was once a Pennsylvania legislatro who Isfid by \$30,000 in one seasion. When he was asked how he managed this with a salary of \$1,000, he said that he saved it by doing without

While out for a walk, a few days ago, a small, unpretentious brick house in the north part of the city, and within sight of many fashionable residences, was pointed out to me by my companion as the rendezvous which Barton Key engaged for his meetings with the beautiful and unfortunate Mrs. Sickles. The house is only two stories high, with a gallery running the entire side of the house. Windows front the street, as the entrance is beneath the porch on the side. "I can tell you everything about that tragic affair," said my friend, "because Barton Key was a cousin of ours, and Mrs. Sickles an intimate friend and sociable neighbor. Barton Key—although a relative—never cross of the threshold of our house, as my father and brothers knew too much of his private extrer to care to introduce him into their home circle. He was a son of Key who wrote the "Star Spangled Banner," and was a handsome fellow, tall and finely formed, with rich, dark skin, and unfathomable depths to his lustrous black eyes." A New Edition of an Old Romance.

Farewell the green neet by the sweet hawthern shaded, Where our lowly cot stool, by the Lee's transquil show Where my own dearest North I neet, weed and wedden; Where our bales were all barn—we shall see it no more

The Fever came first, with slow, stealthy step creepi And Death followed soon his dark path to our door Oh! cold is the bed where our darlings lie sleeping. Their sorrows all housed—all their miseries o'er.

linger, Recounting our sorrows!—who cares for the poor! Yes, God careth for us. Then, no more of repining, Though we fly from this desolate country away, To the free, happy West; as each day is declining. For the land of our fathers we'll feevently pray.

Tis night, and the first ruddy streak of the mornin Shall break o'er our bark on the wide, trackless i For our lost Island home our full hearts are still yes And the dearly-prized friends we may ne'er meet

Then, Erin mayourneen, how sad is this parting, Old home of our childhood, forever from thee! And bitter and burning the tears that are starting. As we take our last look of thee, Erin machree!

The Old Swedes Church, Wilmington-The Celebration Last Sunday-Some Account of the History of the Edifice.

had sown discord between herself and her only lover; that he had destroyed their mutual cor-respondence, and she had been fool enough to be-

ter, and Pentecost, as also through the summer. Garlanded lights and side lights were made of pine wood for use in the Christmas service. Bri-

lal pairs came to the services in the church with

crowns and garlands. A belfry was projected, but never completed. The bell was hung on a walnut tree in the churchyard." "The pews are distributed in such a manner that those who helped most in the building of the church were provided with the foremost scats, The children who possessed their forefather's homestead, likewise inherited their pews. There seems to have been more difficulty in regard to the enclosure of the churchyard, than with building the church itself, for while were not enough to enclose the ground with palings." On the 29th of December 250 acres of and were bought for a glebe at a cost of £160 and the erection of a parsonage was begun on the 16th of October, 1701. The pastor appears to have had the same difficulty in obtaining his sal-ary that is experienced by a good many country clergymeu at the present day, for we learn that although there was an agreement to pay him £100 a year, for some years he could not get more

than £40.

This pastor returned to Sweden in 1713, and upon his arrival there he induced the "Fahlun Mining Company" of that country to present to the church a communion service. This is still in use. It consists of a large wine cup, and a paten and wafer-box, and the cup bears this inthan £40.

scription:
"Falhu Bergslags Skenk. Till H. Trefald, Kirkeis Po CHina Pennsylvanied. A. O. 1718. Assessor Och Bergmastere, Herr Anders Swab."
["The gift of the Fahlun Mining Company to

nia. In the year 1718. Assessor and Mine Mas-ter, Mr. Andrew Swab."] Mr. Acrelius gives the following description o

read this inscription:

That is: "If God be for us, who can be against ust "In the reign of William III., by the grace of God, King of England, William Penn being Proprietary; William (Markham) Deputy Governor. The most illustrious King of the Swedes, Charles XI., now of most glorious memory, having sent hither Eric Tobias Bijork, of Westmania, the

arkness."] On the north side is this: POLUS N. R. CHRISTUS Sickles was really infatuated with his wife, and, dotwithstanding her unfaithfulnes to him, after a little while brought her secretly back to Washington, and they lived together in the house just back of the new Republican building. Mrs. Sickles never making her appearance outside the house until she was called thence never to return in the flesh.

This was the story told me by an old Washingtonian as we strolled along, taking in the heavy

BARTON REV. THE SONG OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.

[We print below the Abolitionists' Song of Willam loyd Garrison. It stirred the scale of men a thousand mes in days of the condict, and was prophetic of the song freedom which is now sung by 4,000,000 freed slaves.]

I am an Abelitionist!

t am an Abolitionist!
I glory in the name;
Though now by Slavery's minions hissed,
And everered o'er with shame,
It is a spell of light and power—
The watchwurd of the free—
Who spurns it in the trial hour,
A craven soul is he!

I sm an Abelitionist!
Then urgs me not to passe;
For joyfully do I enlist
In Freedom's accrete cause.
A nobler strife the world no'er saw,
Th' enslaved to disentifical;
I am a soldier for the war,
Whatever may befall!

I am an Abeliticulas! Oppression's deadly foe: In God's great strength will I resist, And lay the monster low. In God's great mane do I demand To all be freedom given. That peace and joy may fill the land, And songs go up to Heaven! THE GREAT AMERICAN PORT.

oo Medest for His Own Glory Childs Advis-ed to Medify the Style of his Postry. An exchange tells us that "George W. Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger emphatically denies that he has ever written a line of obituary poet-

ry."-Courier-Journal. It is necessary that the line "Gone to meet," etc., should follow Mr. Childs's poetry in the death columns of the Philadelphia Ledger in death columns of the Philadelphia Ledger in every instance; so, when the departed child happens to be the first of the family proper to die, the old Bible is brought down, and it is presently discovered that the child's grandmother has passed away. No matter how far previously she died, the line is as necessary as it is appropriate, and little Tommy's obituary is correct only with the words, "Gone to meet his grandmother."

Key obeyed his friend beyond the letter; for more delicate attentions were never before re-ceived by any woman, and, as he succeeded in intercepting letters between the lovers, he soon added the mission of comforter to his other du-We regret to observe, however, that there is We regret to observe, however, that there is an aristocracy of death as well as of life, and that the same is likely to be provocative of ill-feeling, and perhaps of blows. Every family likes to have it known that it is respectably connected, that it associates with great men and ties. By adroitness and address, he made each believe the other faithless, and when the seeds of distrust were most thoroughly sown, and the feeling of pique and resentment crushed the first throbs of sorrow and agony, he pressed his suit, and won an unloving and indifferent bride to his arms. His efforts to kindle one spark of interest or enthusiasm in the breast of his wife proving unsuccessful, in a fit of rage and disappointment, he told her that he had been the medium which had sown discord between herself and her only connected, that it associates with great men and women, etc.; and there is apparent in the obituary columns of the Philadelphia Ledger a rivalry that is pardonable as to pride, but which is liable to obliterate totally the quality of grief which is alone legitimate. Thus, Mrs. O'Reilley places after Mr. Childs's verses in memory of little Patrick the words. "Gone to meet his unlittle Patrick the words, "Gone to meet his un-cle Daniel of Cork." Mrs. Mulrooney turned up her nose at this; but when her little Fergus passed away she thought the matter over and had inserted the words, "Gone to meet his uncle on his mother's side, the elegant Mr. Mulrooney of Killarney." Which was well enough; but of Killarney. Which was well enough; but Mrs. O'Reilley seemed to think it was a personal reflection on her family, and so when, a few days thereafter, out of a small family of twelve, not counting the pig, she lost little Dennis, she had the words attached to Mr. Childs's verses—"Gone to meet two uncles and a brother of his amiable mother, and of a better family than the Malkroners ever thought of heirs?

The melting dark eyes and prettily molded figure of the petite Mrs. Sickles caught the restless eye of the libertine, and he resolved on her destruc-Mulrooneys ever thought of being."

Of course this caused a conflagration right away, and if it hasn't been noticed by the Philtion. He met her constantly; if she was walking, he joined her; if she rode, he would stop the carriage, and seat himself by her side with the confident effrontery of a man who knows his company is agreeable to ladies. Mrs. Sickles was young, beautiful, and not unmoved by the fascing of the may who constantly sungit here. away, and it it hasn't been noticed by the Phil-alelphia papers, it is because the Philadelphia papers never stoop to notice anything less im-portant than Colonel Forney or a Chicago fire. In due season, we dare say, the families of the O'Reilieys and the Malrooney's will have entire-ly passed away, victims of an ambition well enough in itself, but which ought not to be a matter of life and death. Meanwhile the native nations of the man who constantly sought her company, and made her believe that she alone embodied all the excellences and perfections of her sex. She did not for one moment contemmatter of the and death. Meanwhite the native American residents of Philiadelphia are drifting toward the custom very rapidly. A Mrs. John-son announced the departure of her little So-phronia, adding to it the words, "Gone to meet Ann Lee, the mether of the Shakers," Mrs. Thompson saw this, and went one better with plate anything but an innocent termination to this very open flirtation. But "people," the ever wide awaks "people," with more eyes than Cer-berus, began to put their heads together, and the remarks, "Gone to meet Martha Washing-Of course here was a flame of rivalry; General Sickles lived in the old Colfax house, on the south side of Lafayette Square, and across the park—which was then hardly more than a er has hastened the departure of her little inne cents, it is nevertheless certain that Mrs. Smith said of her three-weeks-old babe, a week subsegrass-plot, with a few varieties of trees and shrubs here and there—stood a large, double red brick house, used as a gentlemen's club, and afquently, "Gone to meet Mary Queen of Scota."
The centennial business also agitates the afflicted portion of Philadelphia. Joseph White, terward occupied by Secretary Seward. Key had his room at the club, and from its doors his usual custom was to stroll over to the Sickles' for a

his father declared, after some most pathetic verses by Mr. Childs, "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. Gone to meet Ethan Allen." These words met the eye of an English gentleman, whose only child departed the day following the notice, and he departed the day following the notice, and he promptly answered the challenge thus thrown out, "By whose authority! Gone to meet the British commander at Ticonderoga." Now it seems to us that this is quite inappropriate. Death is a solemn thing. Even patriotism, pride of family, and most of the other virtues ought to be entitled to no consideration within the locality of a funeral. Permit this sort of thing to go on, and how ridiculous it will eventually become. Fancy Mrs. O'Reilley remarking in an obituary notice. "It can wash more skirts than obituary notice, "I can wash more skirts than Mrs. Mulroopey any day in the week. Gone to Mrs. Mulrooney any day in the week. Gone to meet Dan O'Connell and John Mitchell. And fancy Mrs. Mulrooney replying, after telling of the death of little Kathleen, "It's the dirtiest of falsehoods. I can starch and hang out more shirts in an hour, than Mrs. O'Reilley can wash in nine years. Gone to meet their

the departed O'Reilleys. Now we ask Mr. Childs if that would be right? Now we ask Mr. Childs If that would be right?
We do hope there is such a thing as propriety;
and when people get so that their grief is too
ambitious, that they forget the dead out of respect for their own tears; we present it to the
community whether it isn't time that something
was done!—Rochester Democrat.

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Col. Wm. Whiteley, of Springfield, O., State Centennial Commissioner, showed us the wonderful pipe of the noted Indiau chief, Tecumseb, which he had traced and found in the possession of a gentleman living near Kenton. The pipe is a queer piece of mechanism, made of black flint stone, rather light, and susceptible of a polish similar to gutta percha. It is four and a half inches long from the top of the bowl to the lower end of the shank. The how is a ing shape, about end of the shank. The bowl is a jug shape, about two inches long, and the shank is made on the plan of a bit of a tomahawk, and blunt on the edge, with three grooves, and the edges bound with a metallic substance, probably pewter, and the sides and bowl are curiously and very ingeniously inlaid with the same metal. The figures of the inlaying are regular, and indicate an acu rate mathematical calculation, representing stars, hearts, curious circles, and various angles. The bowl is topped and bound with the same metal. The diam ster of the bowl at the bulge is an inch and three-fourths, and the cavity is eleven-

inch and three-fourths, and the cavity is elevensixteenths of an inch in diameter, and three inches to the stem-hole, and will hold about as much
as an ordinary meerchaum pipe.

The stem is of hickory twenty-two inches long,
one and nine-sixteenth inch in width and a half
inch thick, oval flat. It contains six slots—about
four inches long, and peculiarly arranged as to
the hole through it. At the end next to the pipe
there are two slots lengthwise of the stem, the
hole passes between them, then there is a slot
exactly in the centre, then two like the first, and
then a single slot in the centre again, which
makes the hole zig-zag like. How it was made
is a mystery to the mechanic of the present day.

It is a piece of mechanism which challenges
the ingenuity of the best skilled mechanic of the
present day, yet it was made by a heathen, a man
who was not enlightened with a Christian education, whose brain was developed by observation and self-culture.—Tiffs Star.

AT the funeral of a man killed on the railroad at Munroeville, Ind., a few days ago, quite an excitement was created by the priest refusing to conduct the funeral services any further, on hearing that the dead man had recently joined the Odd Fellow's Lodge. The friends became indignant, tore the cross from the coffin, and had him buried under the Protestant rites.

JAMES E. MURDOCH, the retired actor, is build-ing a church at Murdoch, Warren County, Ohio, with the earnings of his readings. The Rev. Tal-mage will please bear this in mind. The celebrated pianist, Bulow, it is said, has been reduced to beggary. Well, you know, after all, "Man wants but little, Herr Bulow."—N. Y. Com. Adv.